Numb. 29.

The British Apollo,

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are added the moſt

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick.

Perform'd by a Society of GENTLEMEN.

From Wedneſday May 19th. to Friday May 21th. 1708.

Q. *WHere is Hell Scituated?*

A. The Scituation of Hell, or, as it is call'd, a Local Hell, may juſtly be numbred among the Secrets of Providence, which are undiſcoverable by Man.

Q. *Does the Puniſhment of Hell conſiſt of a Real Fire, or of only the Privation of the Sight of God?*

A. Tho' it ſhou'd not conſiſt of a Real Fire, it will yet be more than a bare Privation of the Sight of God. For a Conſciouſneſs of Sin (however for a Seaſon it may be lull'd a ſleep) is naturally and irreſpectively a very exquiſite Tormentor. But tho' we cannot be poſitively aſſur'd, that the Holy Penmen intend any more by the mention they make of Fire, than to repreſent the Torments of Hell under the moſt terrible Reſemblances (when yet they may infinitely exceed the Images made uſe of) ſo neither can we ſay, that their Expreſſions are not Literally to be underſtood, ſince our Bodies, as well as our Souls, will be grievouſly tormented, which may be ſo order'd by Omnipotent Diſpleaſure, as to be Always Burning, and yet Never Burnt.

Q. *Are there greater Torments for greater Sinners, or are all tormented alike?*

A. That our Puniſhment will be proportionable to our Sins, may evidently appear, as from the Rules of Equity, as from ſeveral Paſſages in Scripture, ſo from that particular Paſſage in *Mat.* 24. 51. he ſhall cut him aſunder, and appoint him a Portion with the Hypocrites. Where the Hypocrites are plainly ſuppos'd to be puniſh'd with more than uſual Severity.

Q. *Which is the greater Sin, Sodomy or Adultery, and why are not Both puniſh'd with Death?*

A. Of thoſe two very heinous Sins the former is the worſt, becauſe a guilt of ſo Unnatural a Dye, agreeable to what we meet with in *Rom.* 1. 27. But as Sodomy is puniſh'd with Death, ſo Adultery is very worthy of the ſame Puniſhment. But we muſt leave the Political Part of it to the Wiſdom of our Lawgivers.

Q. *What is the Meaning of thoſe Words in* Eccleſiaſticus 38. 8. *from him is Peace over all the Earth?*

A. This is anſwer'd in *Numb.* 27.

Q. *In* Gen. 4. 15. *It is ſaid, that the Lord ſet a Mark upon* Cain, *leſt any finding him ſhould kill him. I wou'd know, who there were to kill him? In* Ver. 17. *it is ſaid,* Cain *knew his Wife. I deſire to know whom he took to Wife?*

A. You may gather the Solutions of both your Queſtions from the Supernumerary, *Numb.* 2. *Que.*2.

Q. *What is the meaning of that in St.* John 21.25. *and there are alſo many other things, which* Jeſus *did, the which if they ſhou'd be written every one, I ſuppoſe, that even the World it ſelf cou'd not contain the Books, that ſhou'd be written?*

A. It is a Figure call'd an Hyperbole, which under an Expreſſion Literally incredible repreſents ſomething very Extraordinary.

Q. Pſalm 18th Ver. 10th, *it is ſaid* ἢ ἰατροὶ ἀναστήσουσι Κ' ἐξομολογήσονται σοὶ, *which we render, ſhall the Dead riſe and praiſe thee? How comes* ἰατροὶ, *which ſignifies Phyſicians, to be call'd the Dead?*

A. The Original in *Hebrew* רְפָאִים ſignifies the Dead, as Deriv'd from רָפָה *Deficere*, to faint. Whereas the Septuagint deriv'd it from רָפָא *Sanavit*, he cur'd. And the reaſon, which ſeems to have induc'd them to derive it from that Radix, is becauſe it has the ſame Radical Letters, whereas the other Radix differs in the Final.

Q. *What is the reaſon of the* Chamælion's *Changing his Colour, and acquiring a Red, Black, Yellow, or that of any Cloth, on which it is laid?*

A. Before we trouble our ſelves about finding the Reaſon of any ſtrange Phænomenon, we ſhou'd be very well aſſur'd of its being true; but we have ſome reaſon to ſuſpect this, of being only a vulgar Error, as well as his living upon Air only; ſince ſome Modern Authors of Note, deny both alike; and only own, that according as his Body is differently affected by Heat, or Cold, or Paſſion, his natural Aſh Colour, becomes ſomewhat Reddiſh, or Greeniſh. Some others ſay, that his Colour is alter'd according to the different times of the Day, being in the Morning and towards the Evening, of a more Greeniſh Hue; at Noon, ſomewhat Blacker; in the beginning of the Night, Pale; and whitiſh at Midnight. Whatever it be, we may ſuppoſe, this Animal to be ſo much the more ſuſceptible of a Change of Colours, that it is almoſt nothing but Skin and Bones; and when oppoſed to the Light of the Sun, is very near Tranſparent. Beſides, as it has that Peculiar Faculty, of conſiderably ſwelling and contracting his whole Body, that may alſo occaſion ſome Alteration, in the Colour of his Skin, according as it is more or leſs ſtretch'd.

Q. *How muſt one do to arrive at Perfection, direct her, who has no other Ambition? And you will Infinitely oblige the Aſpiring* Amaret?

A. Steer your Life according to the Dictates of Religion and Morality, and you'l bid as fair for the Mark you aim at, as Moral Wisdom is capable of directing You.

Q. *Condescend I beseech you, to give me your Opinion, whether the violent Passion of Love, very ill treated does not* Consequently *turn to hatred?*

A. Not *consequently*, Madam, for it much oftner produces *Despair*: But we see different Effects of that ungovernable Passion, according to the different Constitutions of those it seizes.

Q. *Gentlemen, I am in Love with a pretty Young Lady, She has Money, and I have none: I desire your Opinion what I shall do in the case, and you'l oblige your humble Servant* Corydon?

A. Indeed, Mr. *Corydon* you wou'd do well to look out for a Wife with a great deal of Wit, as well as a great deal of Money, for if your Brains don't want Stock, as much as your Pocket, *Apollo* is very much mistaken.

Q. *Pray which do you count the most Honest Employ of these three, viz. a Taylor, a Lawyer or a Miller?*

A. Fye, fye, Joyn a Lawyer with such Company; they hold no Comparison with each other! We know, what you'l say, That the Miller's Clacks and the Lawyer's Clacks are in perpetual Motion, with the like Sound and Sense; and that as the first Grinds down your Corn, the other Grinds down the Ground it grows upon: But then (we hope) the Lawyer is in a fair way to break the Miller, You may urge too, that the Taylor and Lawyer equally ruin you with their long Bills; but then consider, the Taylor's Bill is full of Fustian Nonsense, Scrolls, Blots and Repetitions of the same things, differently plac'd, and by consequence not worthy your Understanding; whilst your Lawyers, in his Cramp Law Terms is as much above your Understanding, and therefore preferrable: And tho' you know not what you give your Money for, to either; yet certainly any wou'd give more, for a parcel of fine significant Words, than for so many False-spell'd Blunders. 'Tis true, they both furnish you with Suits; but which is the best Workman; the Taylor, who must have Matter to Work upon, or the Lawyer, who can make a long Suit out of Nothing? Your Taylor's Suit is gone in half a Year, but the Lawyers will last often to your Posterity, suppose he Hurries you out of Breath upon a wrong Scent, yet then he will give you time by Writ of Error or Demurrer, to recover your self; and keep in fast Friendship to you, whilst you have the strength of one Fee left: And tho' he runs some out their Estates, he often gives to others, other People's Estates, which is yet some Compensation. Say, he takes Fees on both Sides, he then manages the Cause accordingly, which is something Analogical to Equity, nay put the worst, that you are quite Ruin'd; he tells you, it comes from your own Misinforming of him, which whether you apprehend or not, you ought to believe, as supposing he best understands what belongs to his own Business. Now your Miller and Taylor, are by no means capacitated for such fine Qualifications as these.

Q. *Gentlemen, I desire you will please to let me know, what Sex the* DEVIL *is of? And you'l Oblige your humble Servant,* T. T.

A. By his roughness one wou'd take him to be of the Masculine Gender, but since he so often appears in Pettycoats, we have more Reason to believe him an *HERMAPHODITE*.

Q. *Pray Gentlemen, do* English-men *or* East Indians *most value and respect Women, since the first take no Wife without Money, and the last give great Sums of Money for one?*

A. When the *Indians* give Money for a Wife they look upon her as a Slave, and use her as a purchas'd Vassal; nor confine themselves to one alone, whereas our Countrymen placing too great a value on the Sex to buy 'em as they do Cattle, receive 'em on more honourable Terms, and for their Persons give 'em up their love; while for their Money, they exchange their Liberty.

Q. *What Power have Charms, and whether the Use of them is Lawful?*

A. See *the Athenian Oracle, Vol. II. p.* 424.

POEMS.

Q. APollo, *'tis time to lay down,*
And never more Baffle the Town,
With your Learning, or Parts,
And all Other Arts:
Take this from a Country Clown.

You own God Apollo's *been pos'd,*
His Business is done;
Both Father and Son,
Could none of those Queries Unclose.

'Tis wonderful strange unto me,
God Apollo, *the SUN,*
Should own He's undone,
By not Answering those Gentlemen Three.

Now Apollo *no more Blame the Pope,*
Who out of th' Infallible Chair is;
Since your Godship's own Self cannot Cope,
With Answering all manner of Queries.

Then how can you his Sons,
All Nature's Secrets show,
When your Bright Fathers Self
Do's not the Causes know?

A. Of being quite Poz'd you accuse us,
And wou'd (if you knew how) abuse us,
Whilst all you do smatter,
Is wide from the Matter;
As if only sent to Amuse us.

One Question for Four you Mistake;
In last Monthly Paper,
On which you so Vapour,
And might as well four Hundred make.

The Querist demanded to show,
What th' Four Questions were,
That ne'er did appear,
Which we must have been Wizzards to know.

To see, we give You Light,
Which yet you will not prize;
Except we find You Brains,
And furnish You with Eyes.

The following Question was sent by the same Author.

Q. Apollo *from You the Reason must come,*
Why Men at their Bottles, Drink o'er the left Thumb;
Now if from the Sun, *then from thence it does follow,*
A Drunkard must be the Wise God Apollo?

A. What!

A. What! come to Us, when newly Poz'd;
Was ever ſuch a Spark?
But only fancy'ng we'd lay down,
To find himſelf i'th' Dark.

But now to your Queſtion, which at the ſame Time,
It hath little Reaſon, hath ſomething of Rhyme:
Muſt *Apollo* be Drunk, 'cauſe ſuch follow his Light,
As Fools follow *Wille a wiſp* in the Night?
If Braying Sir Long-Ears, ſhou'd after You Paſs,
On the Road, we as well may conclude You an Aſs.

Q. *We Starvelings frequently can boaſt,*
That with Duke Humphrey *we have din'd;*
Yet Unacquainted with our Hoſt,
Who is ſo Hoſpitably Kind.

If You will tell us, who's the Man,
That does ſo very often treat us,
We will endeavour, if we can,
That You may There as often Meet us.

A. To our Sixth Henry, that great Peer
Was Uncle; gen'rouſly inclin'd,
To entertain Gueſts all the Year,
Where at full Boards they daily Din'd.

Intomb'd in *Pauls*, thither repair'd,
Such as walk'd Dinnerleſs the Streets,
To pleaſe themſelves how they had Far'd,
And chew the Cud of former Treats.

We'll meet you there Sir at his Grave,
So civil your Requeſt appears;
This Favour we wou'd only Crave,
Your Patience for ſome Sixty Years.

Q. *Art thou the ſame, ſublime* Apollo, *tell,*
Whom Fables once in Delphos *made Excell?*
If ſo, I pray, a Chriſtian *when become?*
Or haſt been exercis'd by Church of Rome?
And if, to ſhun that Devil hunting See,
Thou ſtriv'ſt to fix in Engliſh Liberty?

A. Apollo always will *Apollo* be,
And loves to ſhine in *Britiſh* Liberty,
But never tells the cauſe, to Buſy Men like Thee.

Q. *What makes a Wit be often Poor?*
And what the greateſt Beauty Whore?
Since this may Husband gain by Feature,
And that out-wit his Fellow Creature?

A. Want of ſound Senſe, his Wit to Uſe;
The laſt, grows by Temptation, Looſe.

Q. *This Query more I'l lay before ye,*
Pray is Apollo *WHIG, or TORY?*
Since I eſteem ye Men of Skill,
(For ſo are all who've Wit at will)
Your Anſwer will thus much denote,
That as you ſay, even ſo I'l Vote?

A. Can you, the God who Rules the Skies,
A little Party-man, ſurmiſe?
Theſe Noble Lines came to us, among many worſe.

Q. *Whence believe; your Bright Society's free,*
From One Man's Fuſtian Importunity?

A. For which kind Sir, our Hearty Thanks are due;
Since we can ſpare an Hundred ſuch as you.

Q. *If Tender Years to Love may have pretence,*
Or boaſt a wounded Heart by Beauties Influence.
I by admiring——Tho' at diſtance Sat,
Received a Wound by Cupid's *Random Shot.*
The beauteous Nymph has Charms that would Inſpire,
The Coldeſt Breaſt with ardent Loves deſire.
But ah! Unhappy Fate——I'm planted in a Sphere,
Unworthy of her Notice or her Care.
Yet with ungovern'd Zeal I hug the Dart,
That gave the Wound, tho' tortur'd by the Smart;
It pleaſing ſeems, but O in vain!
I Love, tho' ſure I never ſhall attain.
To Phœbus *then with Lover's Wings I fly,*
For his Advice, and hope he'l not deny,
If Love like this muſt unregarded lye?

Your diſcon[illegible]

Will Raynard.

A. Honeſt Friend *Reynard*, take your Lines again,
On Lovers Wings they ſtrove to mount in vain,
Venus and *Cupid* join'd may *Phœbus* move;
Yours want the *Beauty*, tho' they boaſt the *Love*.

The Miſtake.

AS Loves bright *Queen* with pleaſing wonder ſtood,
Viewing th' *inconſtant* Surface of the Flood,
The *roving* God of Love by chance, came by,
And ſtrait from *twanging* Bow a Shaft let fly,
The flaming Arrow *whizzes* thro' the Air,
And ſtrikes the *ſnowy* Breaſt, of the Celeſtial Fair,
Soon as She felt the *tickling* Pleaſure run,
Thro' ev'ry vein, She thus beſpoke her Son,
Unlucky Boy thus to incite Loves Fire,
And thy *own Mother* wound with fierce Deſire,
When *Cupid* heard her ſpeak, the Voice he knew,
Strait he grows *pale*, and *tears* his Cheeks bedew,
Trembling he cries, fair *Celia's* Charms appear,
So much like yours, I vow I thought YOU her.

To Hortenſia, *whoſe Charms had fix'd His Heart, which before was Inconſtant.*

AH! My *Hortenſia* you muſt always charm,
Whilſt Wit has power to move, or Beauty (warm.
Something Divine, in all You ſay, appears,
And every Smile Uncommon Sweetneſs wears.
Strong, but Harmonious all your Accents prove,
Yet ſoft as Down upon the Wings of Love.
When on ſo firm a Baſis Love is plac'd,
Reaſon conſents the Joy ſhou'd ever laſt. When

When from ſuch Merit our Fond Paſſions riſe,
No Dull Satiety our Bliſs denies.
Our Joys renew ſwift as our Pleaſures waſt,
New blooming Charms give freſh Deſire to taſt.
No Time can change, or damp n Flame ſo pure,
Whoſe pleaſing Warmth muſt long as Life Endure.
Then ſure Thoſe Vows are juſt, That Love is True,
Which Death alone has power to Subdue.

Foreign News, &c.

ROme, May 6. We are inform'd that the Duke d' Uzede Ambaſſador of Spain, has receiv'd Orders from the King of France to cauſe all the Garriſons of thoſe Places in Tuſcany, of which the King of Spain is poſſeſs'd of, to be withdrawn and ſent into Sicily, the better to ſecure it from Invaſion, but that Place is ſo well affected to the Auſtrian Family, that we hope ſoon to have a good Account thereof. M. *Davia*, who was formerly Nuncio at the Court of Vienna, is come hither from his Biſhoprick of Rimini.

Genoa, May 8. Don Camillo Grillo, is arriv'd here from Paris; he paſs'd in the Diſguiſe of a Common Seaman's Habit, thro' Oneglia, He goes to Leghorn, to take on him the Command of the Gallies of Naples. Two Engliſh Frigates arriv'd here on the 6th of this Month from Barcelona, which the Counts of Galves and Erit. Don Michael de Pignos and the Marqueſs de Buffora are Nominated by K. Charles III. to Receive and Compliment on his Part, his Royal Conſort, and to conduct her to Barcelona: 'Tis ſaid, theſe Frigates are to take on Board a conſiderable Sum of Gold, and to Sail with it immediately to Barcelona.

Madrid, May 1. The King has caus'd a great Number of Medals of Gold to be ſtruck, each the weight of 12 Piſtoles, with his Head on one ſide, and his Queen's on the other, which are deſign'd to be beſtow'd on Perſons of Merit. Four of them are already given to the Biſhop of *Girone*'s 4 Chaplains, who follow'd him at the time when the Catalonians revolted. On the 6th of laſt Month, the King and Queen, went to the Palace of Buen-Retiro, to paſs ſome time there, whither alſo the Prince of Aſturias was carryed; the People expreſs'd great Joy at the ſight of him. The Univerſity of Salamanca have caus'd a Book to be compos'd, which contains at large the ſeveral Particulars of the Feaſts and Rejoycings which were made on Occaſion of the Birth of that Prince.

Leghorn, May 5. We have Advice that two Zealand Privateers have taken and carryed into Majorca, a French Ship bound for Marſeilles, which had 40000 Pieces of Eight in Specie on Board, her Captain being kill'd in the Action. By Advices from Naples, we are inform'd that 20000 Pieces of Eight were found on Board the Captain-Galley of Sardinia, which Revolted to King Charles III.

Paris, May 22. The 22d of laſt Month was brought into the Port of Cartagena, a Ship of the Enemy Laden with Wheat, Barley, Oats and other Grain, and having on Board other Paſſengers, among them ſome Portugueſe, Dutch and Engliſh Officers, who were going from Barcelona to Lisbon, which after a pretty long Diſpute, was taken by a French Ship. Letters from Cadiz ſay, that a French Privateer, had ſent in thither a Dutch Ship of 32 Guns, call'd the Alicant Galley, bound from Genoa to Lisbon, Laden with Sugar and other Goods. Don Joſeph de los Rios, Governor of the Gallies of Spain, being inform'd that the Privateers of Alicant, had taken a French Merchant Ship in the Port of Almazaron, where the Guadalentin falls into the Sea; went thither with two Gallies and oblig'd them to quit their Prize, which he ſent to Catalonia: Then he gave Chace to thoſe Privateers, and forc'd one of them to run aſhore, where both Ship and Company Periſh'd, 10 Men excepted; who ſaving themſelves from drowning by getting into a Shallop, were taken Priſoners and ſent to Murcia. Letters from Madrid of the 7th ſay, that they had an Account from Cadiz, that 6 of our Men of War, lye ready to Sail from thence with the Flotilla from the Weſt Indies, and waited only for their laſt Orders from Court.

Any Perſons, upon directing their Letters to the Printer ſuperſcrib'd, for the *Britiſh Apollo*; may have this Paper brought to their Houſes at two Shillings a Quarter, by the Men who carry them, thoſe who come in within the Quarter, to have proportionable Deductions at the End: Alſo the Monthly Papers for *April* and *May*: Likewiſe the Books of Guards neatly bound to keep 'em in at two Shillings a piece. It is deſired all Letters with Queſtions be directed thither, or to Mr. *Keble* in *Weſtminſter-Hall*, or to Mr. *Bickerton*, at the Golden *Flower-de-luce*, in St. *Paul's-Church-Yard*, Bookſellers: Where whole Set may be had from the Beginning; at which Places likewiſe, Advertiſements aretaken in: But all who deſire Sets, and to have them conſtantly deliver'd at their Houſes, muſt direct their Letters as above. *Note*, that they who have whole Sets are only to pay a Shilling for the 12 before Lady-Day, and the reſt to go on this Quarter.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

WINE, a Poem Printed for William Keble at the Black-Spread Eagle in Weſtminſter-Hall.

Lately Publiſh'd.

A Brief Treatiſe of the Eyes, in which not only the Structure of the ſame is Anatomicaly demonſtrated, but the Diſtempers which for the moſt part are Incident thereto, are likewiſe diſtinctly deſcrib'd. To which is added ſome particular Directions for Preſerving the Sight: Together with a Table explaining the Terms of Art mention'd in the Treatiſe, thereby rendring the ſame Intellegible and Uſeful to all Perſons. By William Croſſe Profeſſor of Phyſick and Oculiſt.

Yeſterday was Publiſh'd

THE Celebrated Speeches of Ajax and Ulyſſes for the Armour of Achilles. In the 13th Book of Ovid's Metamorphoſis. Eſſay'd in Engliſh Verſe by Mr. Tate, Poet Laureat and Aaron Hill, Gent. London, Printed for W. Keble, at the Black Spread-Eagle in Weſtminſter-Hall, and Tho. Bickerton, at the Golden Flower-de-luce in St. Paul's-Church-Yard.

LOST, or Stoln, on Fryday the 6th of this Inſtant May, from King-Street in Bloomsbury, a little Liver Colour'd and white Spaniel Dog, with a white Spot in his Forehead. Whoever brings him to Mrs. Peeks, at the twiſted Poſts by the Swan Paſſage in the aforeſaid Street, ſhall be well rewarded for his Pains.

Juſt Publiſh'd

THE Invaſion, a Poem to the Queen, by Mr. Hill. Printed for Tho. Bickerton at the Golden Flower-de-luce in St. Paul's-Church-Yard, Price 6 Pence, where may be had Camillus a Poem to the Right Honourable Charles Earl of Peterborough and Monmouth, on his Glorious Actions in Spain, Price 6 Pence.

Printed for the Authors, by *J. Mayo*, at the *Printing-Preſs*, againſt *Water-Lane* in *Fleet-ſtreet*. Where Advertiſements are Taken in.